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10 CENTS.



DOC SAVAGE  
SMASHES A "SNATCH" RING  
IN THE  
ARCTIC ICE WASTES  
★ ★

# THE EDITOR'S PAGE

## A Chat

As it is winter time it is only natural that Doc Savage's adventures should take him to the land of ice and snow. In this he demonstrates his wonderful powers and saves the lives and fortunes of two of his friends.

Ajax the Sun Man defeats a Dictator who is rising up to control America.

There are twelve, yes, twelve, unusual features in DOC SAVAGE COMICS—the biggest and best of all comic magazines.

And don't forget to read the ad on the back cover of this magazine. The kit for this model costs \$1.50 in the retail stores. The plans are offered to you for only 25 cents. You can buy the parts for approximately another quarter, and in this way save nearly \$1.00 on making this kit of the world's champion airplane.

*The Editor*

VOL. I, NO. 3 • MARCH 1941

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## *In this Issue*

### **DOC SAVAGE IN THE POLAR REGIONS**

A startling adventure of Doc Savage and his companions in the land of eternal cold, ice and snow.

### **AJAX THE SUN MAN**

This unusual individual returns to us in another thrilling adventure.

### **TREASURE ISLAND**

Part 3 of the greatest story ever written. It's by Robert Louis Stevenson and will be enjoyed by every boy and girl.

### **CAPTAIN FURY**

Smashes his way through a Japonian blockade. A story that is up to the minute.

### **FRONT PAGE NEWS**

Jim Taylor and Nancy Kane, two friends of ours whose adventures you will enjoy.

### **WESTERN JUSTICE**

A young college man, son of the town marshal, comes west and aids his father in capturing a criminal band.

### **THE STAR ROVER**

Flies through space to meet an unusual adventure on the old, cold moon.

### **STRONG OF THE SECRET SERVICE**

Earns his captaincy and now starts tracking down spies.

### **THE TALKING TOAD**

The Gadget Man has another startling, humorous mystery with The Green Birds.

### **ADVENTURES OF KON FU**

Dr. Kon Fu, master of oriental and occidental culture, defies even monsters of evil magic.

### **ADVENTURES OF COLONEL MILDEW**

The old fellow talks up to a famous war hero.

### **THE WATCH CHARM**

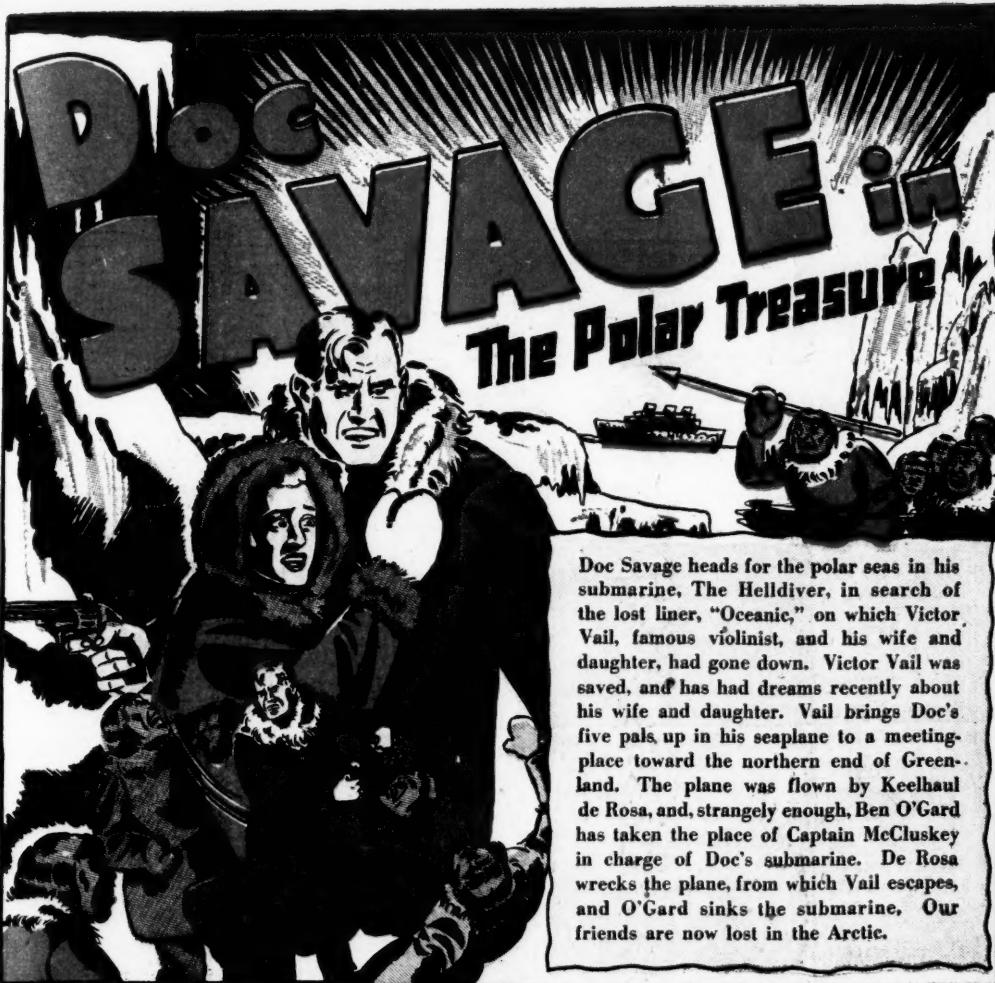
A snappy short story of racing in Australia.

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Doc Savage heads for the polar seas in his submarine, The Helldiver, in search of the lost liner, "Oceanic," on which Victor Vail, famous violinist, and his wife and daughter, had gone down. Victor Vail was saved, and has had dreams recently about his wife and daughter. Vail brings Doc's five pals up in his seaplane to a meeting-place toward the northern end of Greenland. The plane was flown by Keelhaul de Rosa, and, strangely enough, Ben O'Gard has taken the place of Captain McCluskey in charge of Doc's submarine. De Rosa wrecks the plane, from which Vail escapes, and O'Gard sinks the submarine. Our friends are now lost in the Arctic.

DOC SAVAGE RETURNS TO VICTOR VAIL AFTER LOOKING FOR HIS FIVE MISSING PALS....

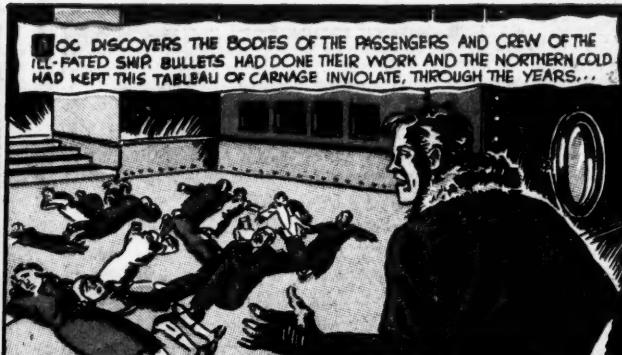
YOUR FRIENDS,  
DID YOU FIND  
THEM SAFE?

I FOUND WHERE THEIR PLANE SANK  
THROUGH A HOLE. THAT WAS ALL!  
KEELHAUL DEROSA'S HIRED  
KILLERS SHOT THEM DOWN!

YOUR FIVE FRIENDS FORCED ME  
TO LEAVE THE PLANE BY PARACHUTE...  
TO SAVE MY LIFE, THEY  
COULD HAVE ESCAPED BUT THEY  
CHOSE TO FIGHT TOGETHER TO  
THE END. THEY WERE BRAVE MEN.  
NOW, WHAT DO WE DO?

WE'VE GOT TO  
FIND THE LOST  
LINER OCEANIC,  
AND WE'LL FIND  
KEELHAUL DEROSA





YOU ARE  
MAKING  
A MISTAKE,  
MY  
CHILDREN,  
I COME  
IN PEACE!

YOU ARE A TONGAK, AN EVIL  
SPIRIT SENT TO HARM US, BY  
THE CHIEF OF ALL EVIL SPI-  
RITS!

YOU ARE  
WRONG.  
I  
COME TO DO  
YOU GOOD

YOU SPEAK WITH  
A SPLIT TONGUE!  
ONLY TONGAKS, EVIL  
SPIRITS TALK WITH  
SPLIT TONGUE!

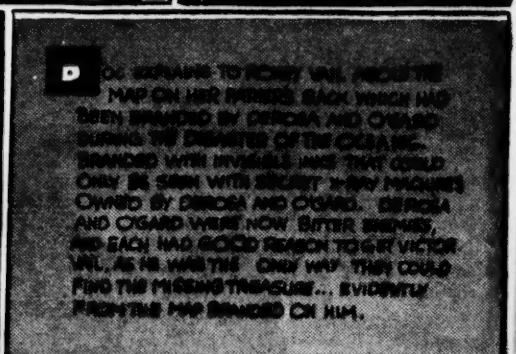
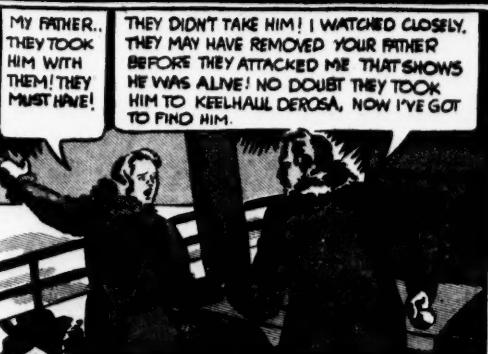
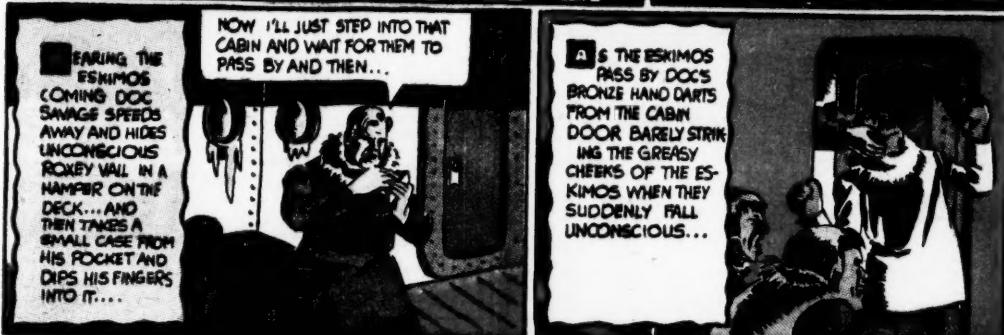
KILL HIM!  
HE IS ONLY  
ONE MAN!  
IT WILL BE  
EASY!

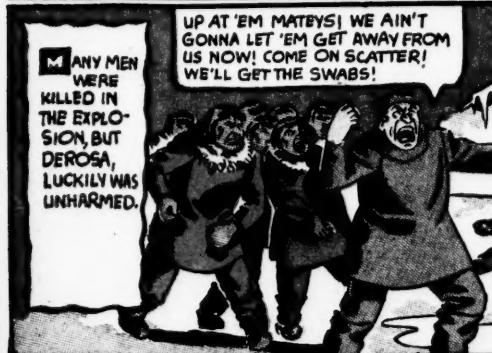


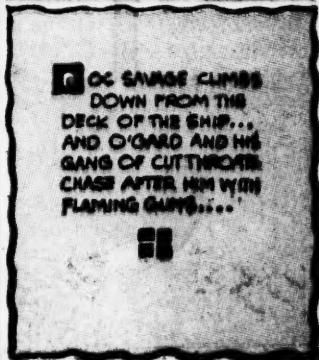
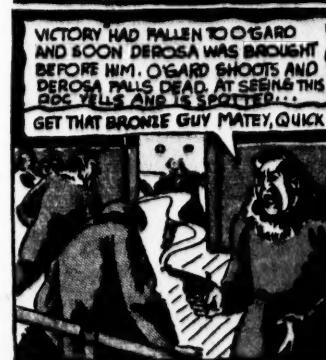
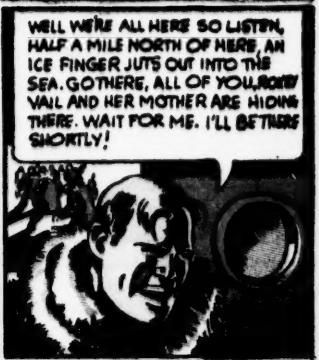
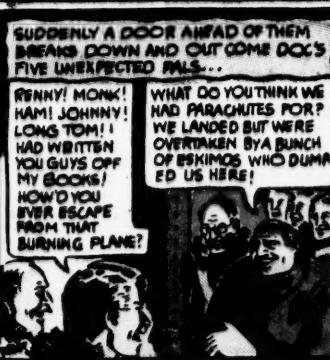
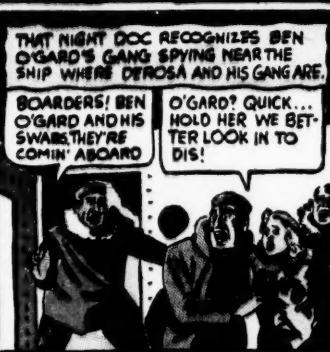
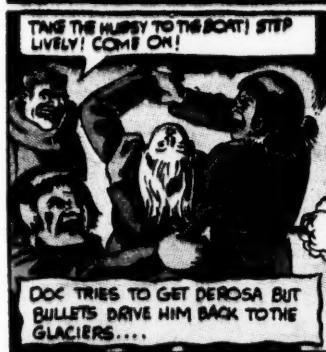
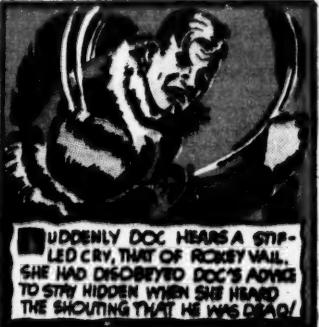


THAT WHITE-HAIRED MAN WAS YOUR FATHER!

AT THE DISCOVERY OF THIS, ROXEY VAIL PASSES OUT COLD...







S DOC IS RUNNING HE DROPS A CHEMICAL MIXTURE FOR DISSOLVING ICE. SOON THE ICE STARTS IN TO MELT AT GREAT SPEED AND THE SECTION ON WHICH O'GARD AND HIS MEN WERE STANDING BEGINS TO BREAK AND STARTS DRIFTING FAST WITH THE CURRENTS OUT INTO THE SEA. DOC RETURNS TO HIS COMPANIONS AGAIN AND DISINTEGRATES THE ICE NEAR THEM AND FINDS THE LOST SUB.

HOW DID THIS SUBMARINE HAPPEN TO BE HERE?

I'M AFRAID I STOLE IT WHEN NONE OF O'GARD'S GANG WAS ABOARD. I SPOTTED IT YESTERDAY AND SAILED IT HERE TO THIS SPOT AND CONCEALED IT WITH THE SNOW!

RIM FATE HAD AT LAST GRASPED BEN O'GARD AND HIS GANG. THE STRONG CURRENT OF THE WAVES RUSHING OUT INTO THE SEA SOON-OVERTOOK THEM ALL!

I JUST RECEIVED THIS MESSAGE FOR YOU, DOC, OVER THE RADIO. IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE ORIENT!

DOC READS THE MESSAGE AND IS OVERCOME WITH JOY. A NEW ADVENTURE THAT WILL TAKE HIM TO THE ORIENT....

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE TREASURE, DOC?

O'GARD MOVED IT FROM THE SHIP TO HERE. IN FACT IT'S HERE UNDER THE FLOOR OF YOUR CABIN, MONK!

VICTOR VAIL'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER EXPLAIN HOW THEY HAPPENED TO ESCAPE THE DISASTER 15 YEARS AGO, AND HOW THE ESKIMOS HAD GIVEN THEM SHELTER UNTIL KEEHAUL DEROSA HAD COME THERE IN SEARCH OF THE TREASURE. A TREASURE THAT HE NEVER FOUND. THE REUNION WITH HIS FAMILY, LOST FOR SO MANY YEARS, WAS THE GREATEST THING THAT COULD EVER HAVE HAPPENED TO VICTOR VAIL, AND DOC WAS SATISFIED.

# AJAX THE SUN MAN

INVESTED WITH  
POWERS OF THE SUN,  
JIM WILSON RETURNS  
TO EARTH AS  
AJAX THE SUN MAN—  
MIGHTY NEMESIS TO  
THE ENEMIES  
OF JUSTICE!



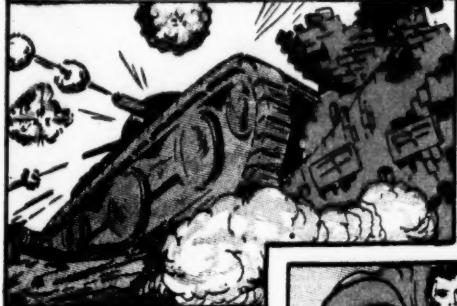
I'M HATAR, AND ONE DAY  
I'LL RULE THE ENTIRE  
STUPID EARTH!



WITH MY MODERN  
MACHINERY OF WAR  
I CAN WIPE-OUT ALL THESE  
QUIBBLING DICTATORS—BUT I  
SHALL STRIKE IN THIS  
COUNTRY FIRST!



NEXT DAY AND THE WAR MACHINE STARTS ON A PATH OF DESTRUCTION.



ON THE HIGH SEAS, TORPEDOES TAKE A HEAVY TOLL.



AH, I HAVE THE COUNTRY SHAKING WITH FEAR. NOW I AM MASTER!



AJAX, ENDOWED WITH THE POWERS OF THE SUN, COMES FORTH TO BATTLE THE MIGHT OF HATAR.

IT LOOKS AS IF I'VE FOUND SOME OF HATAR'S SOLDIERS.



C'MON, KID, LET'S SEE YOU DANCE!



WHAT IN THE -

NOW WE'LL SEE YOU DANCE AWHILE!



STAN  
YOU  
WE'LL  
TO 1

THAT  
WE'LL  
YOU

GEE-

LIKE  
AIR





MO  
TH  
BE  
AN

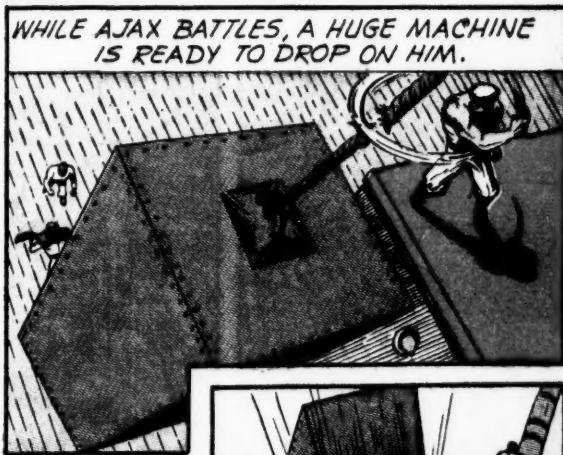
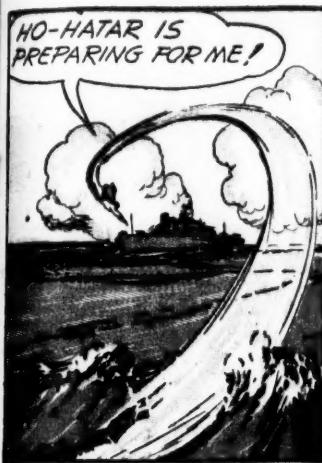
AS  
BO

WHA  
IS C

HATA







USING HIS TREMENDOUS ENERGIES, AJAX HEAVES THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT UPWARD.

WITH THE POWER OF THE SUN IN MY BODY, I HAVE SURVIVED!

NOW TO GET BACK AND EVEN THE SCORE!

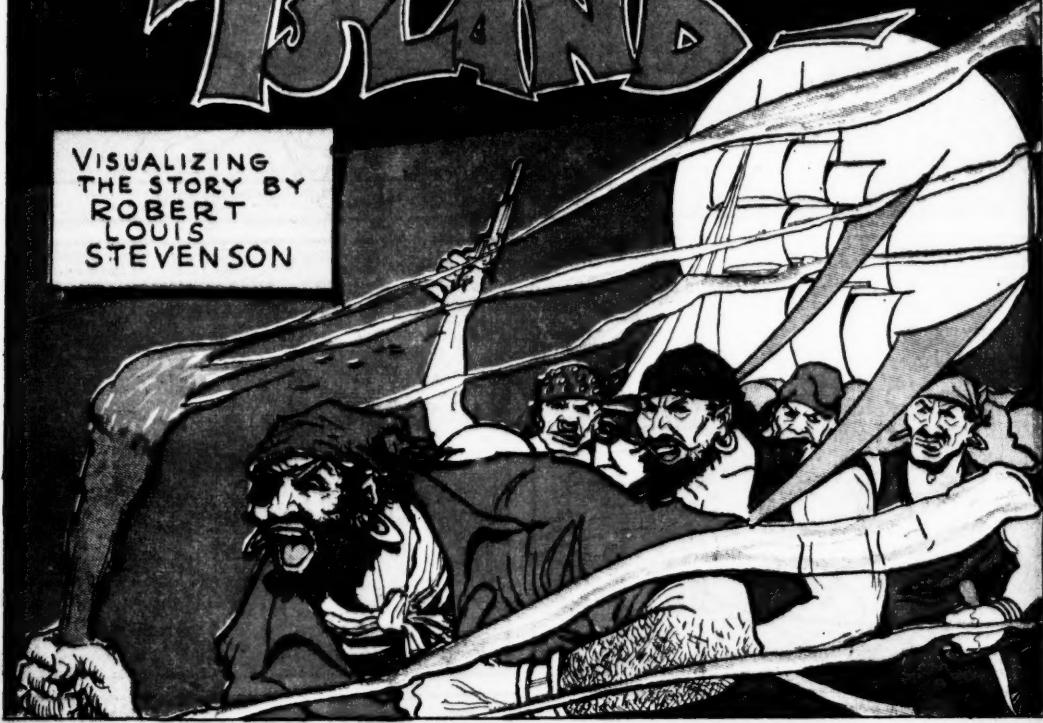
THIS IS YOUR FINISH HATAR!





# TREASURE ISLAND

VISUALIZING  
THE STORY BY  
ROBERT  
LOUIS  
STEVENSON



## PART III

JIM HAWKINS,  
OUR YOUNG HERO,  
HAVING TOLD THE  
GRUESOME STORY  
OF LONG JOHN  
SILVER'S TREACHERY  
TO HIS NEW-FOUND  
FRIEND, THE MAROONED,  
BEN GUNN, LEARNS  
THAT GUNN HIMSELF  
HAD BEEN CAST  
ASHORE ON TREASURE  
ISLAND THREE YEARS  
BEFORE TO DIE BY  
THE VERY SAME  
BLOOD THIRSTY BAND  
OF PIRATES--  
THEY SWEAR TO  
STAND BY EACH  
OTHER TO THE END.

WELL LAD, THEY MAY HAVE TAKEN YOUR  
GOOD SHIP, THE HISPANOLA, BUT YOU AND  
YOUR FRIENDS STILL HOLD THE STOCKADE---  
AND YOU MAY LAY TO IT THAT THEY'RE NOT  
H'LISTING ANCHOR UNTIL THEY'VE FOUND THE  
GOLD THAT'S BURIED HERE, SO AS LONG  
AS BEN GUNN IS AFOOT, THERE'S STILL A  
LONG CHANCE WE CAN BEAT THEM -- NOW  
BACK TO YOUR PARTY LAD, AND WHEN YOU  
NEED ME REMEMBER OUR SIGNAL!

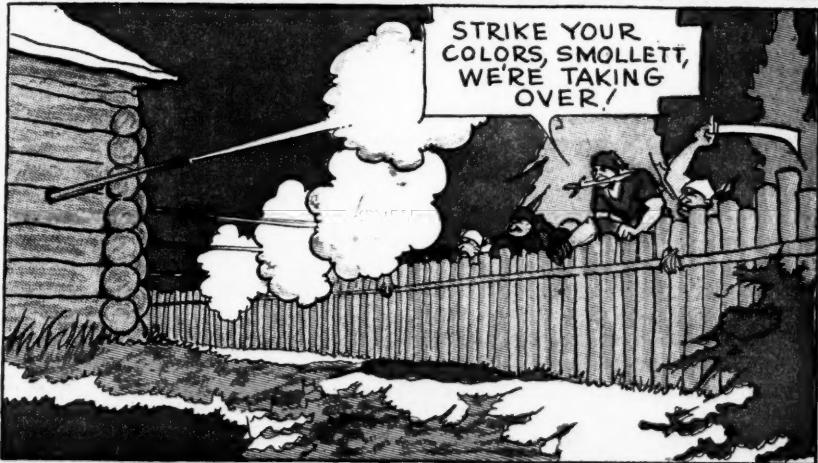


MAKING AS MUCH HASTE BACK TO THE STOCKADE AS CIRCUMSTANCES PERMITTED, (FOR MOST ALL OF SILVER'S CREW WAS ROVING ABOUT ASHORE BY NOW) I WAS MOST WARMLY GREETED BY MY PARTY AND THEN CAPT. SMOLLETT MADE A MOST SERIOUS SPEECH TO ALL OF US. —

MY LADS, I'VE GIVEN SILVER A BROADSIDE, AND BEFORE THE HOUR'S OUT, WE SHALL BE BOARDED---WE'RE OUTNUMBERED, I NEEDN'T TELL YOU THAT, BUT WE FIGHT IN SHELTER, I'VE NO MANNER OF DOUBT THAT WE CAN DRUB THEM, IF YOU CHOOSE!



THE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT. IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE, WITH A LOUD CHORUS OF OATHS, A STRONG PARTY OF PIRATES SWARMED FROM THE WOODS AND MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE STOCKADE. WE GREETED THEM WITH EVERY MUSKET WE HAD.



IT WAS A FIERCE ENCOUNTER WHILE IT LASTED, ENDING ONLY WHEN THE REMAINING HANDFUL OF OUR ENEMIES DISAPPEARED AGAIN INTO THE WOODS, BUT WE HAD PAID A PRICE FOR OUR VICTORY.



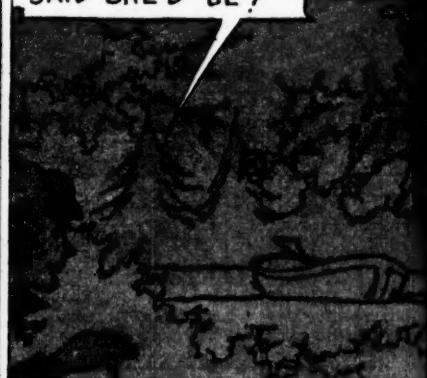
HUNTER LAY BESIDE HIS LOOPHOLE UNCONSCIOUS, JOYCE, BY HIS SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD NEVER TO MOVE AGAIN, WHILE RIGHT IN THE CENTER THE SQUIRE WAS SUPPORTING THE CAPTAIN, ONE AS WEAK AS THE OTHER.



AFTER ALL WAS SET IN THE BEST OF ORDER POSSIBLE, AFTER WHAT HAD HAPPENED, I DECIDED TO ATTEMPT TO PERFECT A PLAN THAT HAD BEEN FORMING IN MY RESTLESS MIND,-- BEN GUNN HAD TOLD ME OF A HIDDEN BOAT HE'D BUILT--



SURE ENOUGH--HERE SHE IS, JUST WHERE BEN GUNN SAID SHE'D BE!



NOT ANY TOO SEA-WORTHY, BUT FOR ONE MY SIZE I GUESS SHE'LL DO--NOW IF I CAN ONLY MANAGE TO RUN HER ALONGSIDE THE HISPANOLA WHILE SILVER AND HIS FULL CREW OF CUT-THROATS ARE ASHORE.

I'LL CUT HER ADRIFF,--AND LEAVE THEM ALL HIGH AND DRY!



LUCK WAS  
WITH ME  
FROM THE  
START -  
A SWIFT-  
RUNNING  
TIDE SWUNG  
ME RIGHT  
IN THE  
FAIRWAY,  
AND THE  
HISPANOLA  
LOOMED UP  
DARKLY  
DIRECTLY  
BEFORE ME,  
HARDLY  
TO BE  
MISSED.



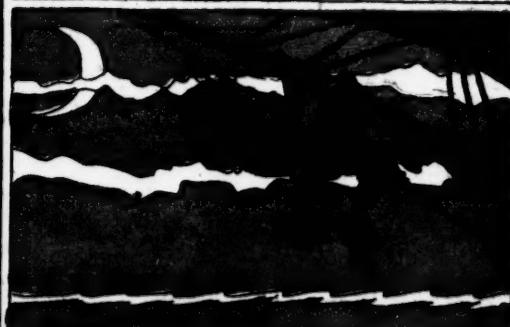
AND DOUBLE LUCK  
HER HAWSER  
IS SLACK!



WITH THAT  
I TOOK OUT  
MY GULLY-  
KNIFE AND  
CUT ONE  
STRAND  
AFTER  
ANOTHER,  
UNTIL  
WITH A  
GOOD  
TOUGH  
EFFORT  
I CUT THE  
LAST OF  
THE  
FIBERS  
THROUGH.



AT THAT MOMENT A SUDDEN SWELL  
PITCHED ME FORWARD, I CLUTCHED  
THE JIB-BOOM, THEN CRAWLED  
ALONG THE BOW-SPRIT AND  
TUMBLED HEAD FIRST ON THE DECK



THERE WERE  
THE TWO  
WATCHMEN  
SURE ENOUGH  
RED-CAP  
ON HIS BACK  
DEAD, ISRAEL  
HANDS WAS  
PROPPED UP  
AGAINST THE  
BULWARKS  
MOANING I  
BEGAN TO FEEL  
SURE THEY  
HAD KILLED  
EACH OTHER  
IN A  
DRUNKEN  
BRAWL.



I-I RECKON --  
I R-RECKON, CAP'N  
HAWKINS, YOU'LL KIND  
O' WANT TO GET ASHORE  
NOW,--S'POSE WE TALKS?

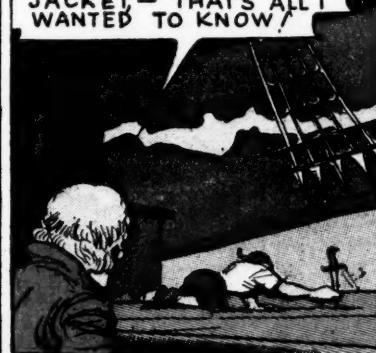
SO WE STRUCK A BARGAIN, WHEREBY I GAVE HIM FOOD AND DRINK AND BOUND HIS WOUNDS, AND HE TOLD ME HOW TO SAIL THE SCHOONER, WHICH I SOON HAD SKIMMING LIKE A BIRD TOWARD THE ISLAND. THROUHOUT IT ALL HE WORE A TREACHEROUS SMILE, AND I WAS EVER ON THE ALERT, FINALLY —

CAP'N, I'LL TAKE IT KIND IF YOU'D STEP DOWN INTO THAT THERE CABIN AND GET ME A, — WELL, A — SHIVER MY TIMBERS! I CAN'T HIT THE NAME ON'T, — WELL GET ME A BOTTLE OF WINE!



I SUSPECTED HIM FROM THE START. IT WAS CLEAR THAT HE WANTED ME TO GO BELOW FOR SOME SET PURPOSE. HOWEVER I SCUTTLED DOWN THE COMPANIONWAY WITH ALL THE NOISE I COULD, BUT SLIPPED BACK INTO A POSITION WHERE I COULD WATCH HIM, — AND ---

HE'S CRAWLED ACROSS THE DECK AND FOUND DEAD RED-CAP'S DIRK AND HIDDEN IT IN HIS JACKET — THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



THANKEE FOR THE WINE CAP'N -- NOW, LOOK HERE THERE'S A PET BIT FOR TO BEACH A SHIP IN, - STARBOARD A LITTLE, -- NOW STEADY -- STARBOARD -- LARBOARD A LITTLE -- STEADY, -- NOW MY HEARTY, LUUF!



HE ISSUED HIS COMMANDS SO FAST THAT THEY HAD SOMEWHAT INTERFERED WITH THE WATCH I HAD HITHERTO KEPT, TURNING MY HEAD INSTINCTIVELY. HOWEVER THERE WAS HANDS, HALF WAY TOWARD ME, CRAWLING, HIS DIRK CLENCHED BETWEEN HIS TEETH.



AS HE LUNGED AT ME I LEAPED SIDEWAYS, RELEASING THE TILLER, WHICH SPRANG SHARP TO LEEWARD CATCHING HIM AMIDSHIPS —



QUICK AS A FLASH I SPRANG INTO THE MIZZEN-SHROUDS, RATTLED UP HAND OVER HAND, AND DID NOT DRAW A BREATH TILL I WAS SEATED SAFELY, (I THOUGHT) ON THE CROSS-TREES. HE FOLLOWED ME.

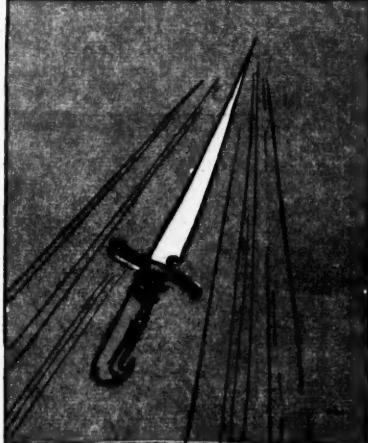
ONE MORE STEP MR. HANDS, AND I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!



JIM, I RECKON WE'RE FOULED, - YOU AND ME, AND WE'LL HAVE TO SIGN ARTICLES, - I'D HAVE HAD YOU BUT FOR THAT LURCH- AND I RECKON I'LL HAVE TO STRIKE, WHICH COMES HARD FOR A MASTER MARINER LIKE ME TO A SHIP'S YOUNKER LIKE YOU, JIM!



I WAS DRINKING IN HIS WORDS, WHEN ALL AT ONCE BACK WENT HIS RIGHT HAND AND SOMETHING SANG LIKE AN ARROW THROUGH THE AIR I WAS PINNED TO THE MAST- BOTH MY PISTOLS WENT OFF AND FELL INTO THE SEA



BUT THEY DID NOT FALL ALONE. WITH A CHOKED CRY, HANDS LOOSED HIS GRASP UPON THE SHROUDS AND PLUNGED HEAD FIRST AFTER THEM - -



LUCKILY THE DIRK HELD ME BY A MERE PINCH OF SKIN. I HASTILY REMOVED IT, AND SEEING THAT THE HISPANOLA WAS SAFELY BEACHED I MADE A NOTE OF THE LOCATION AND WADED ASHORE.

SHE'S AS SAFE AS IF SHE WERE IN HER HOME BERTH THERE, NOW TO GET BACK TO THE STOCKADE



NIGHT HAD FALLEN WHEN I ARRIVED, - ALL WAS DARK WITHIN- AND THERE WAS NOT A SOUL STIRRING, - WHEN SUDDENLY--

SILVER'S GREEN PARROT!



PANIC-STRICKEN,  
I TURNED TO  
RUSH FROM THE  
PLACE, BUT RAN  
STRAIGHT INTO  
A PAIR OF  
POWERFUL ARMS  
THAT HELD ME  
LIKE A VISE  
AND I WAS  
THEN DRAGGED  
INTO THE HOUSE  
AND TOSSED  
BEFORE THE  
LEERING  
LONG JOHN  
SILVER  
HIMSELF.

WELL NOW, HERE'S A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH I MUST ALLOW-  
COMMODORE JIM HAWKINS, HIMSELF IN PERSON, - WELL, SIR,  
HERE'S THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS, - YOUR FRIENDS BEING  
FULLY FED UP WITH YOU FOR DESERTIN' 'EM, AND THE SHIP  
HAVING BLOWN TO SEA, AND BOTH SIDES OF US BEING  
FAIRLY WELL DONE IN, THEY ASKED FOR A TRUCE, - TURNED  
THE STOCKADE OVER TO US WITH ALL THE STORES, THEN  
TOOK THEIR LEAVE, -- NEITHER SIDE TO MOLEST THE OTHER.  
SO NOW THAT YOU'RE BACK, YOU BETTER SIGN ALONG UP  
WITH US, LAD !



NEVER! - I'D DIE  
RATHER THAN JOIN UP  
WITH CUT-THROATS  
LIKE YOU, JOHN SILVER,  
AND YOUR ENTIRE  
WOLF-PACK !

AND IT'S WE  
THAT WILL BE,  
ACCOMMODATIN',  
YOU THIS  
MINUTE IN YOUR  
WISH - YOU  
YOUNG  
GALLEY-SNIPE!

HOLD! - YOU SWABS! -- THE  
LAD'S A BIT TOOK WITH TROPIC  
FEVER, -- GET BELOW DECKS.  
I'LL HANDLE THE LAD, -- ALONE



IN HIGH ANGER  
THE MEN WENT  
OUTSIDE FOR A  
CONSULTATION,  
AND THEN  
LONG JOHN  
MADE ME A  
VERY UNUSUAL  
PROPOSITION

NOW HERE'S THE LAY OF IT,  
JIM, M'LAD, IF YOU'LL SOLEMN  
SWEAR NOT TO BEAR WITNESS  
AGAINST ME WHEN WE GET  
BACK HOME, -- I'LL SOLEMN  
SWEAR TO PROTECT YOU TILL  
WE GET THERE, - IS IT A GO?

EARLY NEXT MORNING WE  
HAD A MOST WELCOME (TO ME),  
VISITOR — .

I PROMISE TO DO WHAT  
I CAN, LONG JOHN!

STOCKADE, AHoy!  
HERE'S THE DOCTOR!

YOU, DOCTOR LIVESEY.  
TOP O'THE MORNING --  
COME RIGHT ABOARD, SIR!



AFTER DR. LIVESEY HAD TREATED SEVERAL OF THE WOUNDED PIRATES HE SLIPPED A FOLD OF PAPERS TO LONG JOHN SILVER, THEN HE MADE A REQUEST TO SPEAK TO ME ALONE FOR A MOMENT-- IT WAS GRANTED BY LONG JOHN OVER GREAT OBJECTION.

PIPE DOWN YOU FOOLS! HE'S JUST NOW HANDED ME THE VERY MAP ITSELF TO CAPTAIN FLINT'S HIDDEN PILE, WE'RE BOUND A-TREASURE HUNTING THIS VERY DAY!



YES, JIM, I GAVE HIM THE MAP FOR A REASON. WE MET YOUR BEN GUNN THROUGH THE SIGNAL YOU GAVE US. HE KNOWS EVERY INCH OF THIS ISLAND AND HE'S ON OUR SIDE, - WHIP OVER, AND WE'LL RUN FOR IT!



NO, DOCTOR, I PASSED MY WORD, AND BACK I GO, -- BUT I'VE GOT THE SHIP PART BY LUCK-- AND PART BY RISKING-- SHE LIES IN NORTH INLET, ON THE SOUTHERN BEACH, AND JUST BELOW HIGH WATER. AT HALF-TIDE SHE MUST BE HIGH AND DRY, BUT SHE'S HIDDEN WELL, - GOOD BYE!



AY, MATES, -- IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU LUGS THAT YOU HAVE MY BRAINS ALONG TO DO YOUR THINKIN' -- SURE ENOUGH THEY HAVE THE SHIP-- AND ONCE WE HIT THE TREASURE WE'LL DIG THE SHIP OUT OF HIDING TOO, ----- THEN A SQUARE SHARE APIECE JUST AMONG OURSEL'S -- AND MAROON THEM HERE BEHIND, - JUST FOR SAFE KEEPING!



SO IN HIGH GOOD HUMOR THIS MIXED COMPANY OF TRAITOROUS CUT-THROATS STARTED ON THEIR SEARCH FOR PIRATE CAP'T FLINT'S GREAT MASS OF BURIED GOLD -- ASSURED OF COMPLETE SUCCESS, FOR LONG JOHN HAD THE ONE AND ONLY ORIGINAL MAP -- \*

WE'LL BE COMING ON IT NOW, IN NO TIME AT ALL, ME HEARTI -- IT'S DESIGNATED ON THE MAP TO BE EXACTLY FORTY PACES NORTH, -- FORTY PACES EAST FROM THAT 'LONE ROCK' AHEAD!



SUDDENLY THE ENTIRE CREW DASHED AHEAD IN ONE MAD RUSH TO THE CHARTED SPOT AND BEGAN FEVERISHLY TO MEASURE OFF THE PACES, --- LONG JOHN HOBBLED ALONG BEHIND WITH A GREEDY GLINT IN HIS EYE, --- WHEN SUDDENLY THE VERY HEAVENS SEEMED TO CRASH DOWN UPON US —



TRUE ENOUGH, NOTHING RE-MAINED OF THE VAST GOLD PIRATE FORTUNE CLAWING WITH FRENZIED FINGERS THE CRAZED CREW UNCOVERED THE BROKEN CHESTS, EMPTIED OF ALL THEY'D EVER HELD. THE MADNESS OF THE BUCCANEERS KNEW NO BOUNDS. LONG JOHN HANDED ME A DOUBLE-BARRELED PISTOL — WHEN --

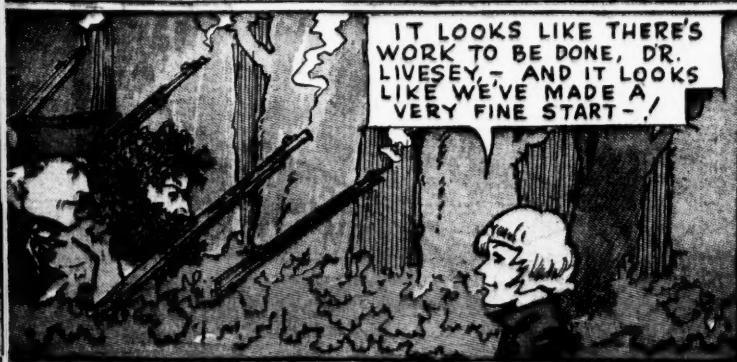
MATES, THERE'S TWO OF THEM ALONE THERE. ONE'S THE OLD Cripple THAT BLUNDERED US DOWN TO THIS, -- THE OTHER'S THE CUB I MEAN TO HAVE THE HEART OF, -- SO, MATES --



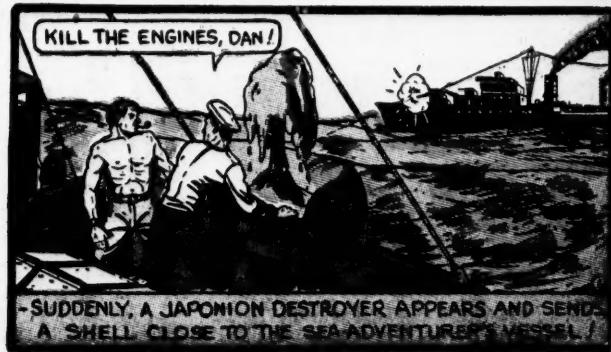
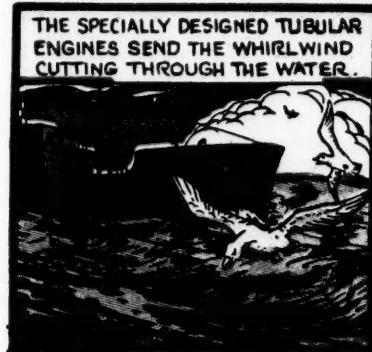
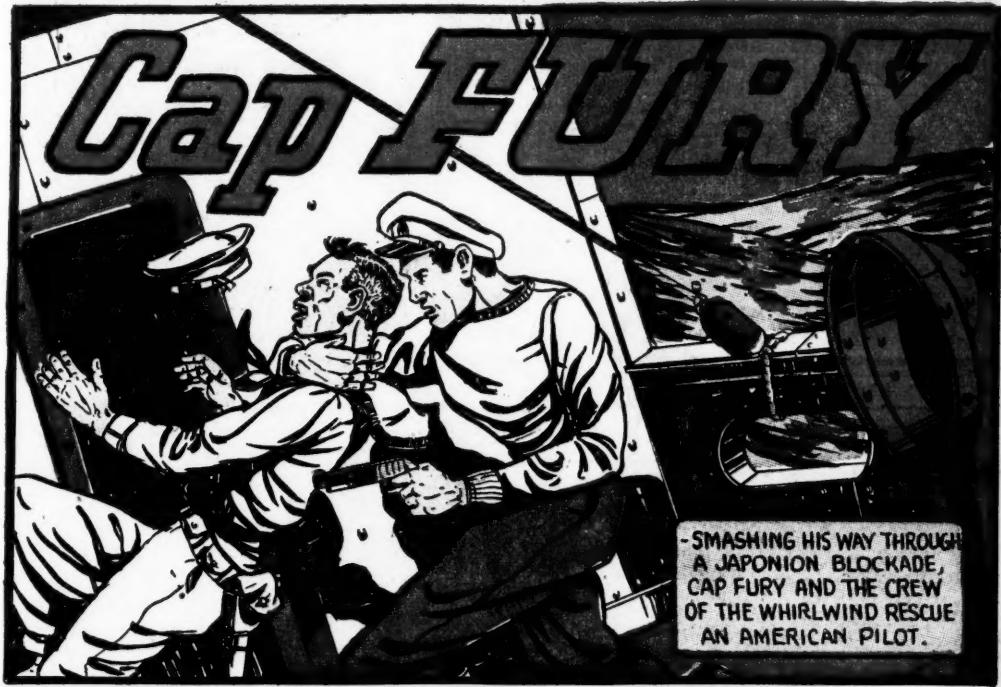
AS HE RAISED TO FIRE, THREE SHOTS RANG OUT, -- AND HE AND TWO OTHERS DID A DEATH PLUNGE INTO THE PIT ---



THE OTHERS INSTANTLY FLED TO THE HILLS FOR THEIR LIVES, AS MY OLD FRIENDS STEPPED FROM THE NEARBY THICKET LED BY MY NEW FRIEND, BEN GUNN, THE MYSTICAL MAROONED MARINER OF TREASURE ISLAND.



WILL OUR FRIENDS DISCOVER IT? -- AND WILL THEY EVER RETURN HOME ALIVE? DON'T MISS THE FINAL, FASCINATING CHAPTER OF TREASURE ISLAND. HERE NEXT MONTH.



A JAPONION BOARDING PARTY ARRIVES ON THE WHIRLWIND

CHINESE BOATS ACTIVE IN THIS WATER. MUST KNOW YOUR BOATS DESTINATION

ENGINE TROUBLE. WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO CORAL REEF TO REPAIR IT.

SORRY. NOT ALLOWED THERE. WE SIGNAL OUR SHIP THAT WE STAY HERE UNTIL YOU FIX.

OKAY. WE'LL DO THAT!



... AND WE STAY HERE UNTIL THEY FIX

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

YOU'LL FIND OUT — ROUND THEM UP, MEN!



WHEN THE JAPONION SIGNAL MAN FINISHES, CAP FURY AND HIS CREW RUSH AT THE BOARDING PARTY — !

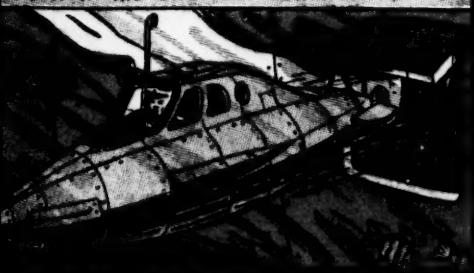
THE JAPONIONS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE HARD-HITTING CREW OF THE WHIRLWIND — !

THAT'S IT, MEN — DOWN THE HOLD WITH THEM!

OPEN THE BOTTOM MAIN HATCH, DAN — I'M GOING TO CORAL REEF!



THE HATCH DOORS OPEN AND OUT SAILS CAP FURY IN HIS ONE MAN SUBMARINE — !



I'VE BEEN SPOTTED — THEY'RE SENDING OUT A TORPEDO!



A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE WHIRLWIND, CAP IS ATTACKED BY A JAPONION SUBMARINE!

THE SEA ADVENTURER DIPS HIS CRAFT IN TIME TO AVOID THE DEADLY TORPEDO!



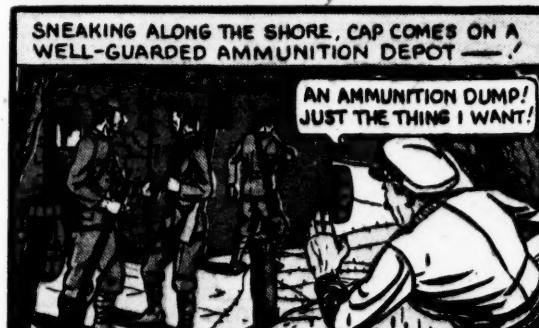
CAP RELEASES A HIGHLY SENSITIZED MINE!



THE METAL SIDES OF THE ENEMY CRAFT ATTRACT THE MINE AND A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE JAPONION SUBMARINE



AT CORAL REEF, FURY LEAVES HIS SUB AND SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE



THE GUARDS RUSH TO ATTACK THE SEA ROVER



THE GUARDS ARE NO MATCH FOR FEARLESS CAP FURY



FURY FINDS HIS WAY TO THE PRISON.

THE PRISON-JACKSON  
MUST BE IN HERE !

OPEN THE DOOR-FAST !

THE GUARD IS EASILY SUBDUCED !

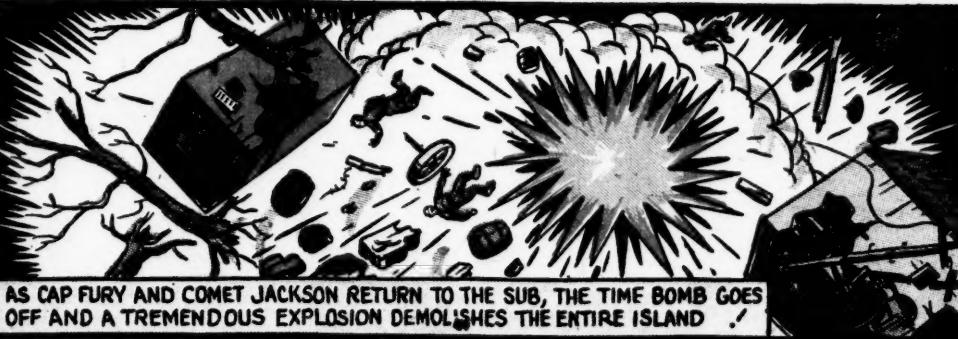
THE AMERICAN AVIATOR RELEASED, FURY  
LOCKS THE GUARD IN THE CELL !

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE IN A  
HURRY-THE BOMB'S DUE TO GO OFF!

THE AMERICAN PRISONER  
-HE'S ESCAPED !

SOUND THE  
ALARM !

THE JAPONIONS FIND THEIR PRISONER GONE



AS CAP FURY AND COMET JACKSON RETURN TO THE SUB, THE TIME BOMB GOES  
OFF AND A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION DEMOLISHES THE ENTIRE ISLAND !

BACK ON BOARD THE WHIRLWIND .

THE DESTROYER OPENED FIRE ON US —  
SO WE SENT HER TO DAVEY JONES LOCKER !

KEEP THE PRISONERS IN THE HOLD.  
WE'LL TURN THEM OVER TO THE U.S.  
GOVERNMENT !

THEY HELD ME-TO LEARN  
THE SECRETS OF THE NEWLY  
TESTED ARMY BOMBER !

YOU CAN FORGET  
THAT-YOU'LL BE  
SAFE ON BOARD  
THE WHIRLWIND !

AND SO THE 'WHIRLWIND' CARRIES THE  
AMERICAN SAFELY HOME.  
**Important:** THE NEXT ADVENTURE  
OF CAP FURY APPEARS IN THIS  
MAGAZINE BE SURE TO READ IT.

# Front Page News

## COP'S DEATH REVEALS RACKET



SEARCH BEGUN  
FOR DR. GORN  
AND HIS  
GANG

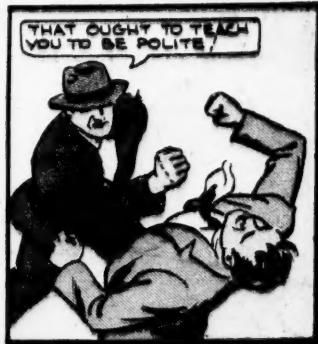
Girl reporter  
stumbles upon  
important clue.



I'M NANCY KANE,  
MR. TAYLOR—LOOK-  
ING FOR A JOB.

NOTHING DOING! I  
DON'T LIKE WOMEN  
REPORTERS.

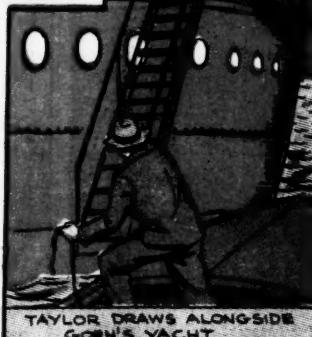
IN THE EDITOR'S OFFICE  
OF THE FRONT PAGE NEWS.





AS TAYLOR ENTERS THE ROOM, TWO THUGS GRAB HIM.







NANCY STRUGGLES FRANTICALLY TO PROTECT THE EDITOR, WHO IS DRAWING CLOSER.

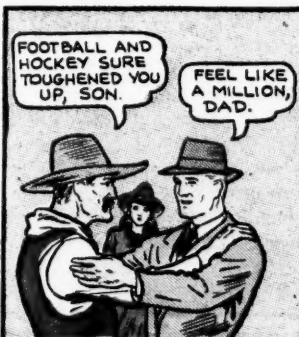


ANOTHER THRILLING FRONT PAGE NEWS ADVENTURE WILL APPEAR IN THIS THRILLING MAGAZINE.

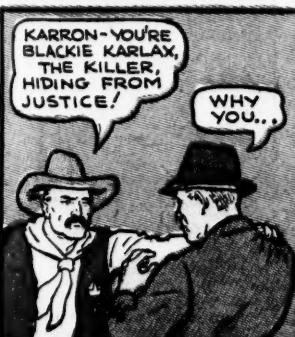
# WESTERN Justice

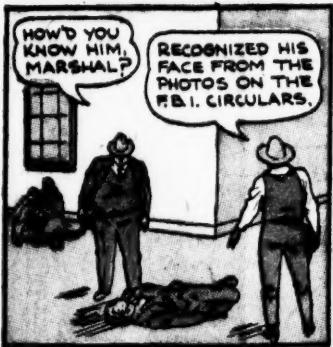
SHADY SPRINGS

QUIET REIGNS IN SHADY SPRINGS UNDER BRAD MARSHALL, LONE PEACE OFFICER, AND HIS SON, REX—UNTIL A BAND OF OUTLAWS SAILS INTO TOWN...



A STRANGER GREETS THE PEACE OFFICER.



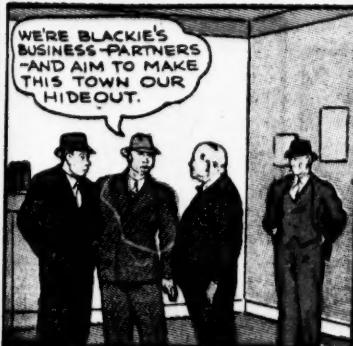
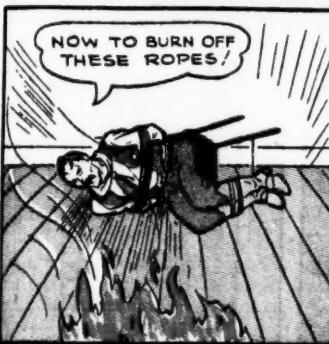


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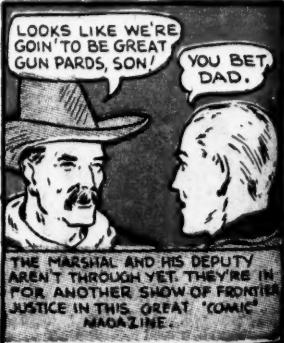
MEANW

WE'RE  
BUSIN  
-AND  
THIS  
HI





THE PEACE OFFICER AND HIS DEPUTY MIX WITH THE GANGSTERS.



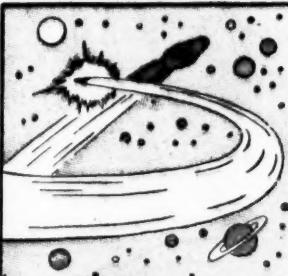
THE MARSHAL'S EXPERT MARKSMANSHIP AND REX'S HAMMERLIKE BLOWS EASILY SUBDUES THE THUGS.

THE MARSHAL AND HIS DEPUTY AREN'T THROUGH YET. THEY'RE IN FOR ANOTHER SHOW OF FRONTIER JUSTICE IN THIS GREAT "COMIC" MAGAZINE.

# The STAR ROVER



RAY DARROW, STAR ROVER, ZOOMS OUT THROUGH SPACE TO LAND ON AN UNDISCOVERED MOON. HERE HE BECOMES AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE COLD MEN AND THE UNDERGROUND LUNARI PEOPLE.



MILLIONS OF MILES FROM THE FRIENDLY EARTH, A ROCKET SHIP IS FORCED FROM ITS COURSE BY A SPEEDING COMET.



RAY DARROW, ADVENTUROUS STAR ROVER, SITS AT THE CONTROLS.



THE SHIP FROM EARTH SETTLES TOWARD A STRANGE LOOKING MOON, FAR FROM THE REGULAR COURSE OF SPACE HIGHWAYS.



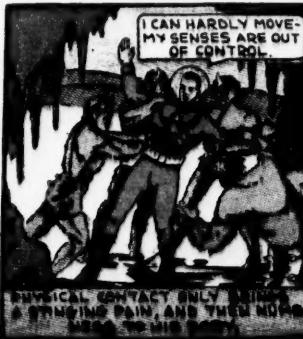
LANDING ON THE DEAD MOON, RAY STEPS FORTH PREARED FOR ANY STRANGE ADVENTURE.



THE STAR ROVER IS WATCHED BY THE VICIOUS COLD MEN, CREATURES WHO DWELL IN THE ICY BARRIERS.



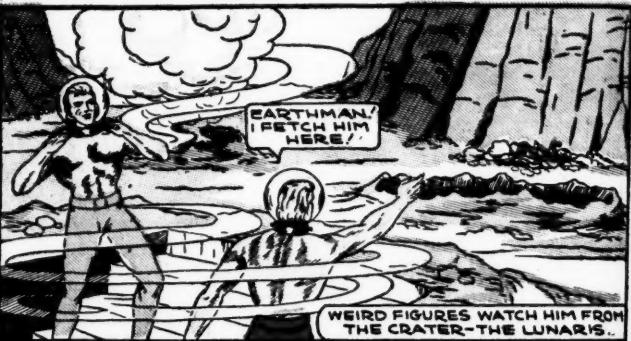
ATTACKED AT THE MOON, RAY IS HELD DOWN BY THE COLD MEN.

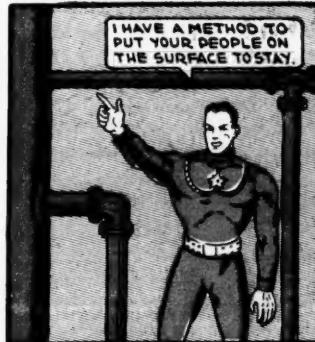
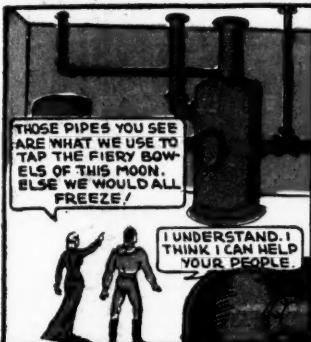
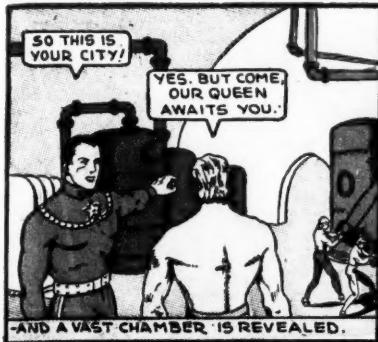


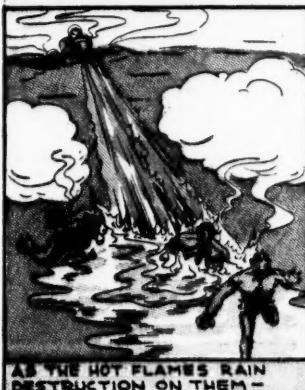
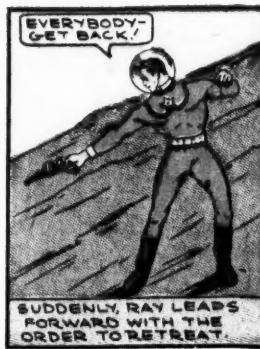
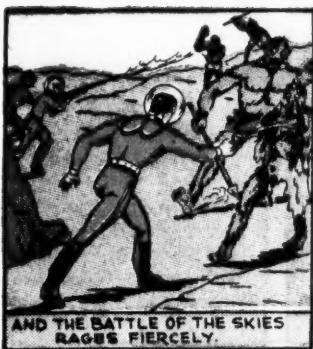
PHYSICAL CONTACT ONLY BRINGS PAIN, AND THEM NURSES NEED TO ME.



IN HIS WEAKENED STATE, RAY IS DRAGGED TOWARD A GLITTERING PALACE OF ICE...







FOLLOW THE STAR ROVER IN HIS JOURNEYS THROUGH THE UNEXPLORED CORNERS OF FAR AWAY PLANETS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

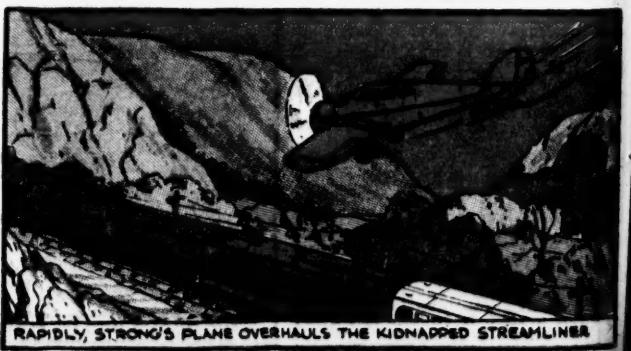
BUT THE

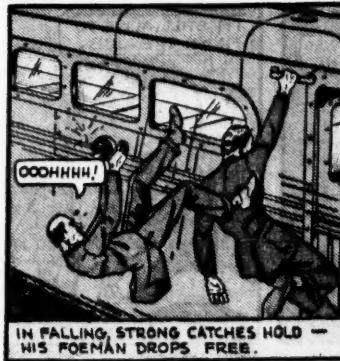
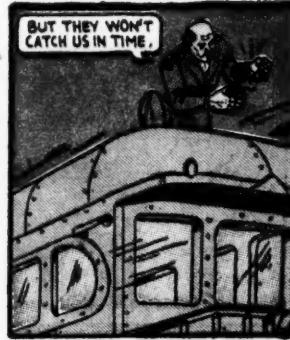
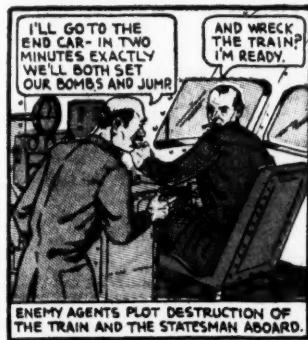
# **STRONG**

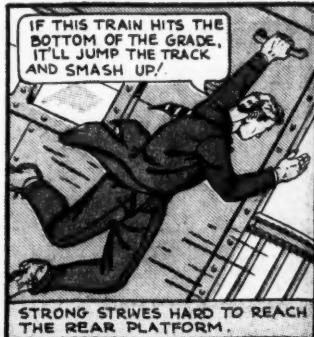
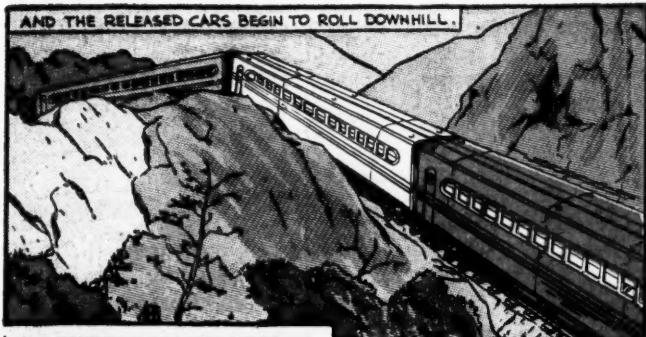
OF THE  
*Secret Service*

LEE ENTERS THE SECRET SERVICE  
AND RUNS SMACK INTO TROUBLE  
WITH DEATH DEALING SPIES.









# THE TALKING TOAD

MYSTERY OF  
THE GREEN BIRDS.  
A GADGET MAN  
CARTOONETTE

DO YOU  
POLLY?

I'VE NEVER WANTED - OWNED - OR  
CARED A THING ABOUT ANY PARROT YET,  
AND I'M NOT STARTING TO - AT MY AGE.  
THIS MUST BE A GAG - IT HAS ALL THE  
EARMARKS OF ANOTHER ONE OF THE  
MYSTERIOUS BUFA'S IDEAS.

A BOOK ON  
THE CARE AND  
FEEDING OF  
ARROTS IS  
PART OF  
LICK RUSH'S  
DARNING MAIL,  
THE SAME  
BEING VERY  
MUCH OF A  
SURPRISE TO  
THE SAME  
MR. RUSH--  
BECAUSE ---

SURE ENOUGH,  
LICK FOUND  
ONE HALF OF A  
MEN-THOUSAND-  
DOLLAR BILL  
LIPTED TO  
THE INSIDE OF  
A BOOK COVER.

THE FINAL PROOF  
THAT THE  
KNOWN BUFA  
AS DETAILING  
LICK TO  
OTHER WEIRD  
ADVENTURE.

ANYTHING CAN-- AND WILL  
HAPPEN NOW - FROM HERE  
ON I'M COMPLETELY ON MY OWN  
--- AND I SINCERELY HOPE THAT  
IT'S NOT-- ON MY OWN NECK!

CLICK  
HADN'T  
LONG TO  
WAIT.  
THE FIRST  
WARNING  
BLAST  
APPEARED  
IN AN AD  
IN THAT  
AFTERNOON'S  
NEWSPAPER  
WHICH READ  
AS  
FOLLOWS.

## \$200 REWARD

WILL PAY \$200 FOR INFORMATION  
LEADING TO THE RECOVERY OF  
GREEN PARROT WITH YELLOW AND  
RED MARKINGS WHICH GIVES  
THE CORRECT ANSWER WHEN  
ASKED, "HOW ARE YOU, POLLY?"

PRINT THIS AD PLEASE IN EVERY  
EDITION OF TO-MORROW'S PAPER—  
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD!  
I WILL PAY ONE THOUSAND FOR THE  
GREEN PARROT WITH RED AND YELLOW  
MARKINGS WHICH KNOWS THE RIGHT  
ANSWER TO "HOW ARE YOU, POLLY?"  
PRINT MY NAME AND ADDRESS IN  
BOLD-FACE TYPE RIGHT UNDER IT!



CLICK HADN'T LONG TO WAIT— A  
VERY EARLY CALLER IN ANSWER  
TO HIS AD HAPPENED TO BE  
A CERTAIN—

LIEUTENANT JUNIFER IS THE  
NAME,— WHAT'S YOUR  
RACKET WISE-GUY,— AND WHAT'S  
ALL THIS SUDDEN RUSH OF BLOOD  
TO THE HEAD ABOUT PARROTS?  
I'M DETAILED TO FIND OUT IF  
ALL THIS AIN'T A NEW BUILD-UP,  
FOR THE OLD 'SHAKE-DOWN'!



H'M— A "BLIND" AD— NO SIGNATURE  
AND NO ADDRESS EXCEPT A BOX  
NUMBER AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE—  
LET-ME-THINK,--- I'LL DO IT/  
I'LL GIVE THEM A LITTLE COMPETITION  
— I'LL RUN AN AD OF MY OWN FOR  
REAL MONEY, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



NOW THAT I'VE STARTED THIS  
GAME OF 'COME OUT, COME OUT  
WHEREVER YOU ARE,' — I'LL  
JUST GO HOME AND AWAIT  
RESULTS—!



— ONE GUY OFFERS TWO HUNDRED,  
FOR TEN DOLLARS WORTH OF PARROT  
THAT SHOWS HE WANTS THAT  
PARTICULAR PARROT BAD— SO WHAT  
THE NEXT EDITION YOU JUMP THE ANTE  
FIVE TIMES— FOR THE SAME BIRD—  
WHAT'S THE ANSWER? YOU GET  
THE PARROT— THEN YOU TURN AROUND  
AND HI-JACK HIM!



SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE GOT  
SOMETHING THERE, COPPER,  
BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHIN'  
TOO, A HUNCH!

AND WHEN CLICK 'GOT A HUNCH' HE FOLLOWED IT. — HE FOLLOWED THIS ONE WITH A CHAIR — AT THE HEAD OF WHAT HIS HUNCH TOLD HIM WAS A VERY PHONEY PRECINCT SLEUTH, HE WATCHED HIS MAD RETREAT — AND

NOW I KNOW I WAS RIGHT — NO LOCAL COP TRAVELS IN A SWELL FOREIGN CAR LIKE HE'S GETTING INTO. THINGS ARE STARTING TO HAPPEN.



AN OLD GEEZER SENT HIM AN' YOU CAN HAVE HIM IF HE TREATS YOU LIKE HE TREATED ME ON MY WAY UP — YOU ORTER BOIL 'IM, AT LEAST TWICE, SO LONG!



KNOW WHERE THE HACIENDA HOUSE IS, SON, — GOOD — DRIVE THERE ON THE DOUBLE — QUICK!

YOU'RE PRACTICALLY THERE NOW, BUD — I KNOW A SWELL SHORT-CUT!



ALMOST INSTANTLY CLICK'S DOORBELL RANG AGAIN, -- THIS TIME CLICK WAS MORE CAUTIOUS, — HE DEMANDED INFORMATION THROUGH THE DOOR. A SHRILL YOUNG VOICE BOOMED OUT

WHAT'S EATING YA, MISTER? — ? TELEGRAM — I'M HERE WITH A BIRD-CAGE YOU ORDERED!



CLICK WONDERED IF THIS WASN'T ANOTHER 'PLANT' — HE DECIDED TO EXAMINE THE PARROT FOR A POSSIBLE MESSAGE CONTAINER SUCH AS ARE FASTENED TO CARRIER PIGEON'S. HE GOT A VERY MEAN BITE FOR HIS TROUBLE.

H'M, THIS TOWEL THEY COVERED YOU WITH MY LITTLE BIRD OF PARADISE TELLS ME SOMETHING, — WERE BOTH GOING RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM — THE HACIENDA HOUSE.



TEN MINUTES LATER.

JUST A SECOND, CHAUFFEUR, — WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

THIS IS THE SHORT-CUT I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT, MR. CHUMP — PIPE DOWN, HERE COMES YOUR TOURING HOSTESS NOW!



I'LL TAKE OVER NOW, DAVEY, - DRIVE STRAIGHT TO THE BOAT AND STEP ON IT, - IT SAILS IN TWENTY MINUTES - !

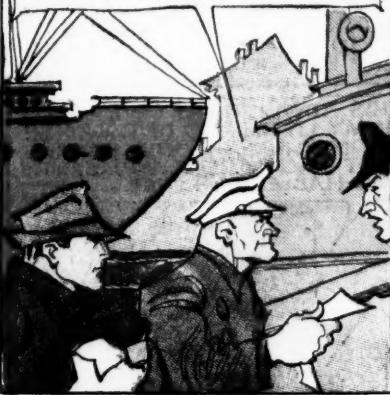
AND, WHAT PART AM I SUPPOSED TO PLAY NEXT IN THIS OVER-SCRAMBLED PLOT, FAIR ONE?



YOU MERELY CHAPERONE THE PARROT UNTIL WE GET ABOARD - HERE WE ARE NOW, GET GOING AND, — DONT ARGUE!



ONE TICKET TO SOUTH AMERICA, CABIN TWELVE!



THE CHAUFFEUR, DAVEY, - AND, LIDA, THE GIRL GO BELOW TO IMPRISON CLICK IN HIS CABIN, AFTER GIVING HIM A THOROUGH WORK-OUT.

YOU SNOOPED AROUND A LOT LOOKING FOR IT SMART GUY - SO YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT - YOUR NEXT STOP WILL BE BUENOS AIRES ANYWAY, WE WANT YOU AND THIS PARROT OUT OF THE COUNTRY TOGETHER, SO I'M GONNA HAND YOU SOMETHING FOR BON VOYAGE!



REALIZING THE TOUGH SPOT HE FINDS HIMSELF IN, CLICK, RESORTS TO A LAST DESPARATE RUSE TO DISTRACT HIS ASSAILANTS

HE STAGES A VERY NATURAL-LIKE FAINT

OW-W-W  
MY HEART -  
THE DOCTOR  
S-SAID //



QUICK, DAVEY! LIFT HIM ONTO THE BUNK!



SWINGING HIS ARMS IN AN AFFECTIONATE SPASM, CLICK MANAGES TO LIGHTLY SLAP BOTH THE GIRL AND DAVEY FEW TIMES IN HIS APPARENT DELIRIUM

LIDA! - HE - HE SMEARED SOMETHING ON MY FACE, AND IT'S ON YOU TOO -- ALL OVER Y-YOUR FACE TOO-O!

OKAY - THAT STUFF WILL KEEP YOU WOODY FOR ABOUT AN HOUR! -

LOCKING LIDA IN THE CABIN THAT WAS MEANT FOR HIM CLICK HALF CARRIES THE GROGGY DAVEY ASHORE - ALONG WITH THE PARROT.

GOOD THE CAR WE LEFT IS STILL THERE, - AND LISTEN, MY LIMP FRIEND, I'M DRIVING FROM NOW ON?



YOU ONLY 'THINK' YOU'LL DRIVE -- I'M BACK AGAIN -- LIEUTENANT JUNIWER IN PERSON!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE STILL PLAYING POLICEMAN!

HEY, SAM! - FELIX! - HE'S STILL GOT THE BIRD. - YOU TWO RUSH AND GET THE GIRL OFF THAT BOAT. - WE'VE GOT THIS THING ALL WOUND UP NOW, IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE SLOW MUSIC!



TRYED TO MAKE IT TABLE-STAKES IN A LITTLE GAME OF CHEATING-CHEATERS, EH, WISE GUY?

I DON'T FOLLOW YOU - I DON'T KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS!

SAME WITH US, - WE DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER TO HOW YOU GOT MIXED UP IN THIS THING, - WE THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A LITTLE AFFAIR BETWEEN OURSELVES AND LIDA, DAVEY, AND OLD JOE,

WHO IS LIDA?



STILL TRYING TO KID, EH? LIDA AND DAVEY BROUGHT YOU DOWN HERE. WE COVERED YOUR HOUSE, SAW YOU COME OUT WITH THE PARROT AND GET INTO DAVEY'S HACK THEN YOU PICKED UP LIDA AND CAME DOWN TO THE BOAT WE SHAGGED ALONG AND WATCHED — THAT'S HOW WE NABBED YOU!

BUT, - OLD JOE?

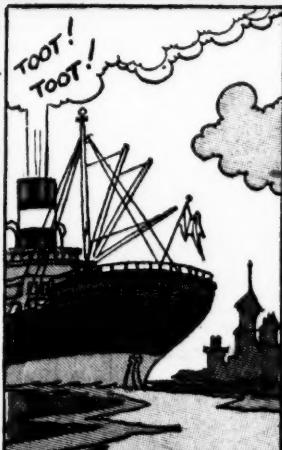


LAY OFF PLAYING INNOCENT, OLD JOE, WAS THE PHONEY MESSENGER BOY THAT BROUGHT THE PARROT TO YOUR APARTMENT, — WE GOT A GANDER AT HIM JUST AS HE WENT IN, — TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



AT THAT POINT THE TRAMP STEAMER GAVE A WHEEZY TOOT, — BACKED OUT OF HER SLIP AND HEADED FOR PARTS UNKNOWN,

SENDING FELIX AND SAM BACK TO THE CAB WITH THEIR JOB A TOTAL FAILURE



WHAT YOU MUTTONHEADS? — YOU DIDN'T GET LIDA? YOU'RE AS DUMB AS THIS EGG, — CLAIMS HE DOESN'T KNOW LIDA, DAVEY, OR OLD JOE — CLAIMS HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT WAS US WHO ADVERTISED FOR THE PARROT, — GET IN, KEEP HIM COVERED! WE'RE GOIN' PLACES!



THEY DROVE WEST ACROSS THE NEW JERSEY FLATS, ON UP INTO THE HILL COUNTRY AND FINALLY PULLED UNDER A HIDDEN AND DILAPIDATED ARCHWAY WHICH READ—

O-BAR-X  
DUDE RANCH  
[THE WILD WEST OF JERSEY]



BOSS, WHY NOT KNOCK 'IM OFF RIGHT OUT HERE? — EASIER TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE

NIX / — CHAIN 'EM UP INSIDE BETTER PLAY SAFE ON THIS STRANGE GUY, -- I'LL GO BAD TO TOWN AND CHECK ON HIM!



'UNTOLD HOURS LATER AFTER LYING GAGGED AND BOUND IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, CLICK IS AGAIN DRAGGED IN TO THE OPEN AND TOSSED BEFORE JUNIFER

WELL SMART GUY, I'VE CHECKED ON YOU,  
-- THE POLICE HAVE GOT YOU TAGGED AS  
'THE GADGET MAN' -- THEY DON'T WANT  
ANY PART OF YOUR INVENTIONS OR YOUR  
PRIVATE DETECTIVE WORK OR YOU YOURSELF  
IN PERSON, AND NEITHER DO I -- SO  
GO AHEAD BOYS --- BOP HIM !!



CLICK SUDENLY FELT THE UNIVERSE CRASH DOWN UPON HIM --- ENDLESS CENTURIES SEEMED TO PASS BEFORE HE SLOWLY RETURNED TO CONSCIOUSNESS - ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE MOST ASTOUNDING SURROUNDINGS

HE DID IT / THEY ALL STAGGER IN HERE DRUNK - I PUT THEM IN BACKROOM - TEN MINUTES PASS I HEAR A WINDOW SMASH ONE YELLS, 'WATCH OUT - THAT FOOL'S GOT A GUN!' THEN QUICK - BANG! BANG!  
BANG! - I RUSH BACK. HE'S GOT GUN IN HAND, - HIS FRIEND DEAD ON FLOOR -



CLICK SEES AT ONCE THAT THE EVIDENCE HAS ALL BEEN STACKED AGAINST HIM. JUNIFER AND HIS GANG HAD DRAGGED HIM INTO THE PLACE UNCONSCIOUS, COMMITTED THE CRIME - SET THE STAGE, THEN ESCAPED IN THE EXCITEMENT - HE KNEW THAT HE WAS ON THE SPOT, BUT HIS KEEN BRAIN SOON RETURNED TO NORMAL --

LISTEN IF I CONFESS WILL IT MAKE MY SENTENCE ANY LIGHTER? - OUR GANG JUST STUCK UP A BANK! HERE'S HOW WE WORKED - I WAS THE FRONT MAN SEE THIS HANDKERCHIEF? IT'S DOUBLED, - I SLIP IT OVER MY HEAD AND IT BECOMES A PERFECT MASK - I WALK UP TO THE BANK TELLER AND I'M CARELESSLY STRAIGHTENING MY NECKTIE - WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ROBBERY?  
I'M COMING TO THAT, THEN I DID THIS!



HERE CLICK SHARPLY RAPPED THE EXTRA HEAVY END OF HIS NECKTIE ON THE TABLE'S EDGE --



STITCHED TO THE LINING OF THE NECKTIE WAS A SMALL SACK CONTAINING HUNDREDS OF CAPSULES OF A MOST POWERFUL GAS CONCENTRATE - THE RAP INSTANTLY EXPLODED THEM FLOODING THE ROOM IN A FLASH WITH THE MOST EFFECTIVE TEAR-GAS KNOWN TO SCIENCE --



SLIPPING ON HIS HANDKER-CHIEF MASK, CLICK MADE FOR THE VERY WELCOME WINDOW AS THE HARMLESS, BUT STIFLING VAPORS OF HIS SECRET TEAR-GAS INSTANTLY FLOODED THE ENTIRE ROOM.



WITHIN THE HOUR CLICK WAS BACK IN THE CITY AND HAD DASHED UP TO OLD JOE'S APARTMENT AT THE HACIENDA HOUSE WHERE WE NOW FIND HIM — A MOST UNWELCOME GUEST.

PUT IT DOWN, OLD JOE NEVER 'SHAKE' WITH A GUN IN YOUR HAND — SIT DOWN, I WANT TO TELL YOU THINGS! — FIRST OF ALL I KNOW THIS MUCH. THERE'S TWO PARROTS TIED UP IN THIS RAZZLE DAZZLE



NEXT — THE JUNIFER MOB KILLED DAVEY LESS THAN TWO HOURS AGO IN JERSEY, — AND LIDA IS NOW ON THAT STEAMER BOUND FOR CUBA

WHAT? — LIDA WAS SHANGHAIED THEY KILLED DAVEY? — THAT ONLY MEANS ONE THING THEN — THEY'VE GOT THE RIGHT PARROT!



LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE 'OLD JOE' WAS IN A SPEEDSTER WITH CLICK AT HIS SIDE, AND THEY WERE STREAKING THROUGH THE NIGHT TO THE CITY'S WATER FRONT.

WHAT'S THE PROGRAM FROM HERE ON, OLD JOE?

HERE'S THE SET-UP — YOU LOOK LIKE A SQUARE-SHOOTER SO I'LL TELL YOU — DAVEY AND LIDA AND ME ARE COUSINS — OUR UNCLE IN EUROPE WAS A REFUGEE — HE HAD A VAST FORTUNE HIDDEN IN CUBA THAT HE KNEW HE COULD NEVER REACH — SO HE WANTED US TO HAVE IT---

HE FEARED TO TELL US IN WRITING WHERE IT WAS HIDDEN SO FOR YEARS HE REHEARSED WITH A PARROT TO DESCRIBE ITS LOCATION IN ANSWER, TO ONLY ONE CERTAIN QUESTION, — HOW ARE YOU POLLY? HE GAVE THE PARROT TO JUNIFER TO SMUGGLE ACROSS TO US, BUT KEPT THE QUESTION A SECRET — HE CABLED THE QUESTION TO US THOUGH. LATER JUNIFER KILLED MY UNCLE TRYING TO LEARN THE QUESTION BUT, NEVER DID — UNTIL RECENTLY. THAT'S WHY WE HID THE PARROT.

CLICK HAD NOTED A CERTAIN PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS THAT HAD TRAILED THEM DOGGEDLY FROM THE VERY START IN SPITE OF THEIR CRISS-CROSS ROUTE AND TREMENDOUS SPEED, - HE TELLS 'OLD JOE'

I EXPECTED IT - IT WILL BE JUNIFER AND HIS MOB AGAIN - THEY'VE CHECKED MY EVERY MOVE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS - BUT HERE'S MY BOAT - LET'S SWING ABOARD!

THEY ARE MET BY A VERY CHARMING (AND MUCH CHANGED, IN CLICK'S CASE) RECEPTIONIST, - LIDA HERSELF, IN PERSON.

YES, LUCKILY THERE WAS A RADIO ABOARD THAT TRAMP STEAMER I WAS ON - SO I JUST TAXIED BACK BY TUG. I KNEW YOU'D BE DOWN THERE TO-NIGHT - OUR BIRD IS SAFE ABOARD!

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## JUNIFER //

LIEUTENANT JUNIFER TO YOU TWO - AND I'M TAKING OVER - COMPLETELY. A TRIM LITTLE BRIG YOU'VE GOT HERE, OLD JOE, WE'RE LEAVING FOR CUBA WITH THE TIDE - THROW THEM IN THE BRIG, FELIX!



BUT WAS THE SELF-APPOINTED CAPTAIN JUNIFER SURPRISED AT THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE THAT AWAITED HIM DOWN THE BAY, EIGHT POLICE BOATS - AND HOW DID THEY RECEIVE JUNIFER AND HIS PARROT - PIRATES - WHY, WITH WARM OPEN --- CELLS,

HERE THEY COME NOW!



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CLICK RUSH HAD QUIETLY ACTED AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES, AND STAGE MANAGER FOR THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION OF EVIDENCE AGAINST JUNIFER - AND CONSIDERED THE CASE CLOSED -- WHEN HIS PHONE RANG -

WOULD CLICK ACCEPT? WOULD HE? OH BOY - - - TEN MINUTES LATER A NOTE ARRIVED CONTAINING THE OTHER HALF OF THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL WITH THIS POSTSCRIPT.

THIS IS LIDA SPEAKING - YOU'VE BEEN SO WONDERFUL THROUGHOUT THIS ENTIRE AFFAIR THAT MY COUSIN JOE AND MYSELF WOULD JUST LOVE TO HAVE YOU AS OUR FAVORED GUEST ON A TWO-MONTH CRUISE TO CUBA. WON'T YOU PLEASE ACCEPT?



# Adventures of KON FU



DR. KON FU, MASTER OF ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL CULTURE, STANDS BRAVELY BETWEEN HIS PEOPLE AND OPPRESSION - DEFYING EVEN MONSTERS OF EVIL MAGIC.

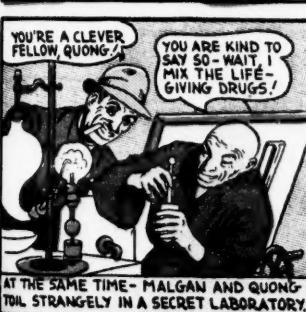


MALGAN, CRIMINAL ADVENTURER, ENTERS THE CHINESE QUARTER OF SAN FRANCISCO.



AS BY ACCIDENT, A CITIZEN OF CHINATOWN JOSTLES MALGAN.









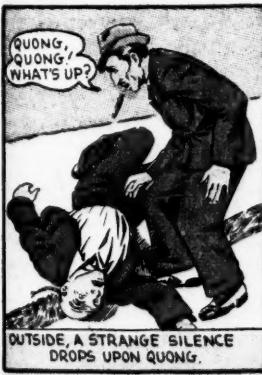
AT LENGTH, THE MONSTER DRIVES A BLOW HOME.



KON FU CALLS INTO PLAY HIS WRESTLING SKILL, CLAMPING THE MONSTER'S LEG WITH HIS FEET—



LOSING ITS BALANCE, THE MONSTER FALLS.



# The Adventures of Colonel Mildew

DID I EVER TELL YOU OF HOW I WON THE WAR SINGLE-HANDED?

THE ISSUE WAS STILL IN DOUBT. THE PLIGHT OF THE ALLIES WAS DREADFUL. I WAS CALLED TO THE FRONT—ORDERED MY MEN FORWARD—

CHARGE, MY BRAVE FELLOWS!

ON, MEN, ON! FOLLOW YOUR GALLANT COLONEL!

I BROUGHT ALONG A SPADE INSTEAD OF A SWORD.

YES, MY FRIEND, AND NOW—

NOW WHAT?

AHEM! NO CHANCE BUT TO DIG A HOLE AND HIDE!

DASH IT ALL, I MUST SLOW UP, OR MY SPADE WILL OUTRUN ME!

BOY, OH BOY! I DUG SO FAST THAT BEFORE THE GERMAN COULD STRIKE I HAD SUNK OUT OF HIS REACH.

IN SHORT, MY DEAR FELLOW, I DUG MY WAY STRAIGHT DOWN, THROUGH THE EARTH'S CENTER—AND THEN—

YES, SIR! GO ON!

MY WORD, I'VE COME OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE—THE BOTTOM OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN!



MEET THE COLONEL IN ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

"We might as well pack up and go home!" wheezed Hunchy Roberts, as he barged into Sam Evans' room, in Scott's famous racing hotel in Melbourne.

"Suppose you take us into your confidence," spoke Sam, sliding his six feet two over the bed's counterpane and into a sitting position.

"Yeah!" drawled Stooge Edwards, taking a much-chewed cigar from his mouth. "Maybe we'd be interested."

"Still wisecrackin', eh?" snapped the wizened one. "Well, bust your new teeth on this one. The handicapper at Caulfield just slapped an extra ten pounds on Warlord."

"Why, that puts 138 pounds on him," shouted Sam Evans, swinging himself off the bed. "He can't do that. No horse ever carried that weight in a straightaway."

"Exactly what I told that handicap guy," spluttered Hunchy, his anger almost choking him. "And what did he shoot back?"

"What?" yelled Stooge, for once jerked out of his usual lethargy. "What excuse did he offer?"

"Excuse me eye!" half wailed the undersized one. "He looked me straight in the phiz with them fish glims o' hisn, and laughed right in me snoot. 'Bein' as 'ow your nag is a Yankee 'orse,' says he, 'that hextra ten pounds should only sharpen 'is appetite.'"

"Why, the dirty—" cut in Stooge.

"So we gotta scratch Warlord!" interrupted Hunchy.

"Caulfield Cup is the greatest racing plum of the year," thoughtfully spoke Sam. "They're trying to force Warlord out." He concentrated for a moment. "Boys," he finally said, "we will not scratch our horse. Warlord will run in the Caulfield Cup."

"Truckin' 138 pounds?" screamed Hunchy.

"You gone nuts?" shouted Stooge.

"Just leave the thinking to me—as usual," Sam quietly responded. "Stooge! You get the story to the newspapers. In spite of the unfair weight handicap, we are running Warlord."

They were three Americans, Sam, Stooge and Hunchy. Well known on all racetracks in America and Mexico. Far too well known—that was why they had gone to Australia some six months before. They took their horse with them, a really good one, the popular Warlord.

Slim, the little stable boy, was hurrying from Sam's room, tightly clasping under one arm a little package which appeared to be very heavy for its small size. At the end of the hall he almost collided with the jockey of Warlord, who was on his way to see Sam. The jockey and Sam



were closeted for a good hour. Strange sounds of tap dancing came from the room.

Thirty thousand wildly excited race fans were milling around among the many bookmakers who were shouting out their odds. It was the intermission before the great Caulfield Cup race. Everybody talked about Warlord, but practically no one bet on him; that is, no one but Sam, who was quietly betting every cent he and his two partners had in the world. The bookies feared the Australian heat had gone to Sam's head. The odds rose to thirty to one. Sam's bets averaged about twenty to one.

Warlord's jockey dragged himself up to the scale, grimacing as though he had a load of iron under his arm instead of a weighted saddle. Roars of laughter greeted his comedy. He got on the scale platform, and with a "Well, I paid for the ride, anyway!" tap danced a "Ride-tiddle-tum-tum tum-tum." The weigher adjusted the sliding weight on the scale arm. "Nine stone twelve!" he sang out amid shouts of laughter. A stone equals fourteen pounds.

"They're off!" roared over the track. Every field glass was trained on the running horse. Warlord seemed to be laboring as under a heavy load. At the quarter he was a bad sixth. Then thousands of faces in the grandstand and on the flats flashed one message—"I told you so!"

Warlord held his position until the homestretch. Suddenly a groan arose from the crowd. As at a given command every neck craned forward. A moment of dead silence. Then a roar of cheering went up from that now race-mad multitude. The impossible was happening—and they were seeing it. Warlord was pulling up on the field—into fifth—fourth—the—yes, right into second place. "Warlord! Warlord!" went up the cry that fairly shook the

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clubhouse to its very foundations.

One hundred yards from the finish Warlord and Kenequa, the favorite, were running neck and neck. But Warlord had that little extra in reserve, and he called upon it now. Slowly he inched past the training, perspiration-shiny Kenequa. The crowd was now absolutely silent. The drama was too tense to allow cheering. The two horses dashed past the finish line. "Warlord! Warlord!" again went the air. The impossible had happened. A horse carrying the prohibitive weight of 138 pounds had won the Caulfield Cup. The crowd broke through the barrier, lifted the jockey high over their heads, and in triumph carried him to the scale room.

"We're taking the train to Sydney in the morning," said Sam, when the three had forgathered in his room after the race. "And," he continued, "we leave for the good old U. S. A. the day after that, on the Sonoma. And I sold Warlord to Sir Rupert Stark," Sam replied. "And I might add a good price."

A timid knock sounded on the door. "Come in," invited Sam. The little stableboy, Slim, a wide grin on his face, waltzed into the room. "Here you are, sir!" the boy smiled, returning a small, heavy package to Sam.

"Slim," said Sam, "you did a fine job." Taking several bank notes from his fat roll, he handed them to the little chap. "You'll find the twenty-five, and an extra hundred for luck." Slim emitted a string of "Thank you, sirs!"

The Sonoma had passed Sydney Heads, and was rolling and pitching through the Pacific.

"Now that we're out of the jurisdiction of Australia," Sam said, "and our little money matters



have been adjusted, I will tell you two what you've been dying to hear.

"Caulfield has an old-fashioned platform scale," Sam continued, "with the lever arms extended under the floor. The night before the race I had Slim crawl under the clubhouse and get beneath the scale. Equipped with plenty of food, he remained there. When he heard a 'Rum-tiddle-tum-tum tum-tum' tap dance over his head, during the Cup-race weigh-in, he hung this little watch charm on the scale beam that extended under the floor." Sam unwrapped the package in which was a weight with a hook attached.

"What an artist!" murmured Hunchy.

"When the jockey got off the scale," related Sam, "the beam was released, and Slim simply unhooked the watch charm. After the race, Slim repeated the operation, and so, being minus the extra ten pounds, Warlord won the race."

"But," said Hunchy, still mystified, "two other nags in that race were as good as Warlord, and you slapped our last jitney on him. How come?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," laughed Sam. "Our little watch charm weighs fifteen pounds, so Warlord had five pounds on the field."

## THE END.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Doc Savage Comics, published bimonthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1940.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Ralston, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Doc Savage Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 587, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 75-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; editor, W. J. DeGrouchy, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, none; business managers, none.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 75-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation owned through stock holdings by Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Gerald H. Smith, 89 Seventh

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements concerning the full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities as so stated by him.

H. W. RALSTON, Vice President,  
Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1940. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 84, New York County (My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

# *Secret of the Valiant*

By Tom Cooley

The Gay Lady was crowded this evening. That, Rocky Dalton thought wryly, as he stepped through the swinging doors, was good. No one would be apt to notice him in the mob. But Rocky was wrong. He was the kind that men couldn't help noticing. As he shouldered his way toward the bar, men gave way readily before the hawk-featured stranger with the burning gray eyes; and wary glances noted the worn hickory butts of twin colts which were thonged to his lean thighs.

The buzz of conversation lowered and rumbled nervously through the smoky barroom.

Halfway to the bar, Rocky froze in his tracks, eyes fastened on a face in the far corner of the room. Pale, expressionless eyes, above a stubborn mouth stared steadily back at him.

O Lord—the last person in the world he wanted to see.

Frantically, Rocky backed a few steps and then whirling he ran blindly out into the night.

Things happened fast then. The black-clothed figure of the man with the pale eyes flashed to life with a roar.

"It's Rocky Dalton, boys."

In one bound he was halfway to the door, jerking a gun from under his coat as he ran.

Everyone had heard of Rocky Dalton. The name had spelled terror to the whole Southwest for nearly a decade. Tales of his ruthlessness and daring had spread as far east as the Mississippi, and then even to Washington, where grave-eyed men had finally taken steps to protect their far-flung territories. A United States marshal had been put on the desperado's crimson trail.

Marshal, Bat Dillon might have had a questionable beginning, but his record as a gun-slinging lawman was impeachable. It was generally admitted that only one man in the country was deadlier with a six-gun, but tonight that man was running away.

Cries of "Go get 'im, Bat." "He's yella." "Kill the dirty son!" accompanied the lawman as he rushed from the Gay Lady and forked the first horse he came to. His spurs bit deep into the pony's flanks as he headed in the direction taken by the fleeing outlaw.

As his pony's hoofs drummed past the outskirts of town, Rocky's brain was racing like a prairie fire. It had finally happened, the fear which had haunted him throughout his long dare-devil career was realized at last. Hundreds of times he had faced death coolly and recklessly over flaming guns, but this was the end. He could never face Bat Dillon that way.

If he rode hard, he could reach Ghost Canyon before daybreak, lose his pursuer in its twisted crags and draws. It was the only way.

Dawn was tinting the weird chaos of Ghost Canyon as an exhausted horse and rider entered its winding chasm. Desperately, the fugitive sank bloody spurs into his glassy-eyed mount as a harassed backward look showed him that the black-coated lawman was still coming on.

With one last desperate lunge, Rocky's valiant little horse tried to respond to its master's urgings, but sank to the ground with a convulsive shudder. There was no time for regrets. Rocky scrambled clear of his fallen mount and started to climb over boulders and jagged buttes, higher and higher, until at last, torn and bleeding and near collapse, he stood at the top, only to find another deep chasm on the other side. Far below, he saw Bat dismount and start to climb.

Suddenly Rocky drew both battle-scarred Colts from their worn holsters and studied them for a long moment. Then, with a savage curse, he hurled them over the rim of the canyon.

"Damn yuh, you'll never stop him."

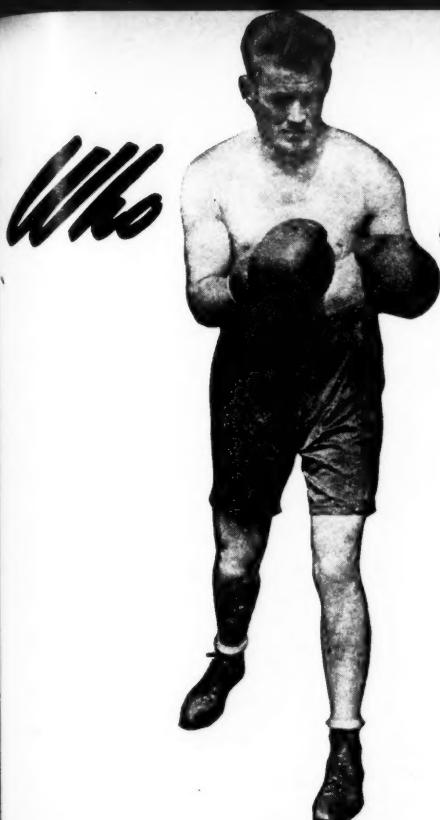
Once more he looked down at the toiling, relentless climber, and a faint smile touched his lips.

"I always said you'd climb to the top, Bat, even though yuh were only a button the last time I saw yuh." Still smiling, he jumped.

Not long afterward, Bat Dillon pulled himself to the top and look down at the broken body of his quarry, four hundred feet below. Bat's pale eyes were expressionless. He had never known his older brother.

*The End.*





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